

# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

The Newspicture  
Weekly *10¢*

FEBRUARY 10, 1937

VOL. XLIV—No. 24



KATHARINE CORNELL

*Starring in "Wingless Victory"*



KILLER, NEW TYPE

*Dying Wife and New-born Son*



FOOD FOR EUROPE'S GUNS

*Must America Contribute?*

# Announcement to Subscribers

We purchased MIDWEEK PICTORIAL because we cherished an ideal which we wished to have reflected in such a magazine. At that time there was no other picture magazine in America, and pictorial presentation of news seemed the most neglected field in periodical publication.

Perhaps unwisely, we felt that we could publish MIDWEEK PICTORIAL while developing our ideas, until we were ready for the final transformation. This has proved a publishing impossibility. We are therefore confronted with the necessity of making one of three decisions:

1. To continue publication in the present style and manner.
2. To continue publication as a combination of the present style and the half finished new style.
3. To cease publication temporarily and devote our time and energy to the completion of the plan so that the next issue will be the one we have so long visualized.

Confidence in the public reception to the ideal, unwillingness to create a hybrid, and publishing honesty, makes the third the only possible choice.

Therefore, this will be the last issue of MIDWEEK PICTORIAL for the present. When the magazine is offered you again it will be in a new dress and format. Its development may take a number of weeks, or even months. When the new form is ready we will of course offer it to you at once.

We had hoped to effect the change almost at once. This has not been possible and the decision to suspend temporarily became the only possible course. This also explains the fact that the magazine has appeared irregularly the last few weeks.

Meantime, we are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements with the magazine *Judge* to fulfill our subscriptions. All subscribers to MIDWEEK PICTORIAL will get *Judge* for the balance of their subscriptions, issue for issue for the number of issues remaining due under their subscriptions. When the new MIDWEEK PICTORIAL is ready they will again be offered that magazine. In the interim they will have a fine magazine in *Judge* for their subscription money.

This arrangement will bring you the oldest and best humor magazine in America. It is *Judge's* concept that, in a world torn with strife, a laugh is the best palliative. So it seeks the light and humorous in life. And sometimes, before they threaten the peace, it seeks to deflate a dangerous ego or destroy a too ambitious scheme with a laugh. Like all true humorists, *Judge* is deadly serious underneath.

Those who entered the prize title contest conducted by MIDWEEK PICTORIAL will find an announcement of the winners in the April issue of *Judge*, on sale March 30. *Judge* is a monthly magazine and goes to press weeks in advance of publication. The April issue, on sale March 30, is the first that can carry the judges' decision. The March issue, on sale March 2, is on the press now, and will be the first issue sent you under the arrangement.

The publisher of MIDWEEK PICTORIAL is pleased to secure *Judge* for its subscribers, and hopes its subscribers will enjoy *Judge* even more than they did MIDWEEK PICTORIAL. However, regular subscribers not satisfied with *Judge* may request refunds of the unexpired portion of their subscriptions (i.e., for whatever issues of MIDWEEK PICTORIAL are still due them after February 10, 1937), and if entitled thereto will receive same from PICTORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Naturally, we hope our subscribers will all accept these arrangements, and will be patient with us while we are working out our plans for the new MIDWEEK PICTORIAL that will go to them when it is ready. We trust and believe they will find *Judge* adequate compensation in the meantime.

PICTORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.



# MIDWEEK PICTORIAL

## The Newspicture Weekly

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily  
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

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The NEWSPICTURE Weekly

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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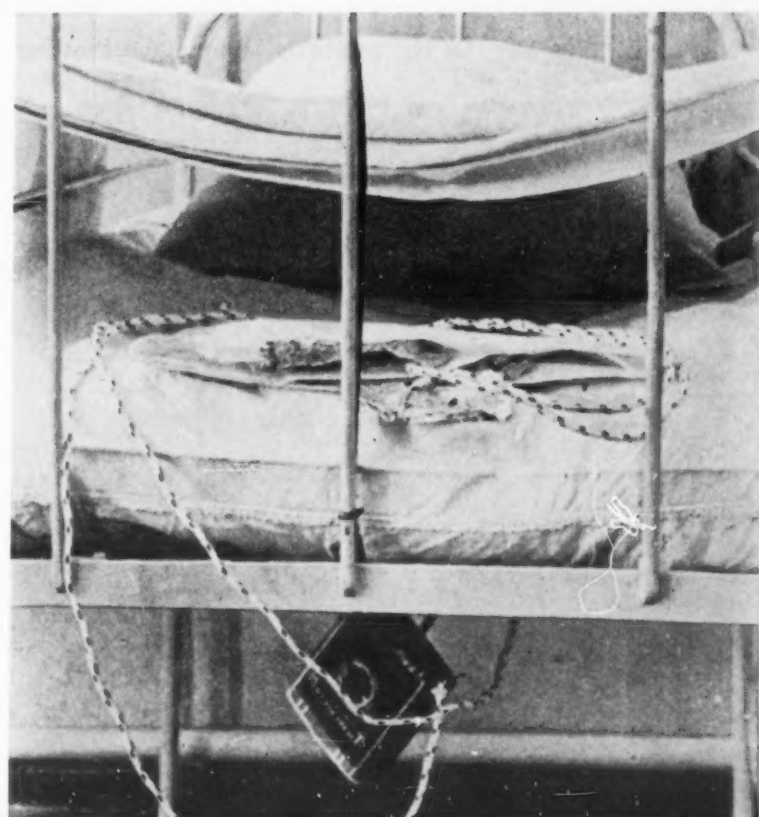
February 10, 1937

## Contraptions . . . Home-Made



(Wide World)

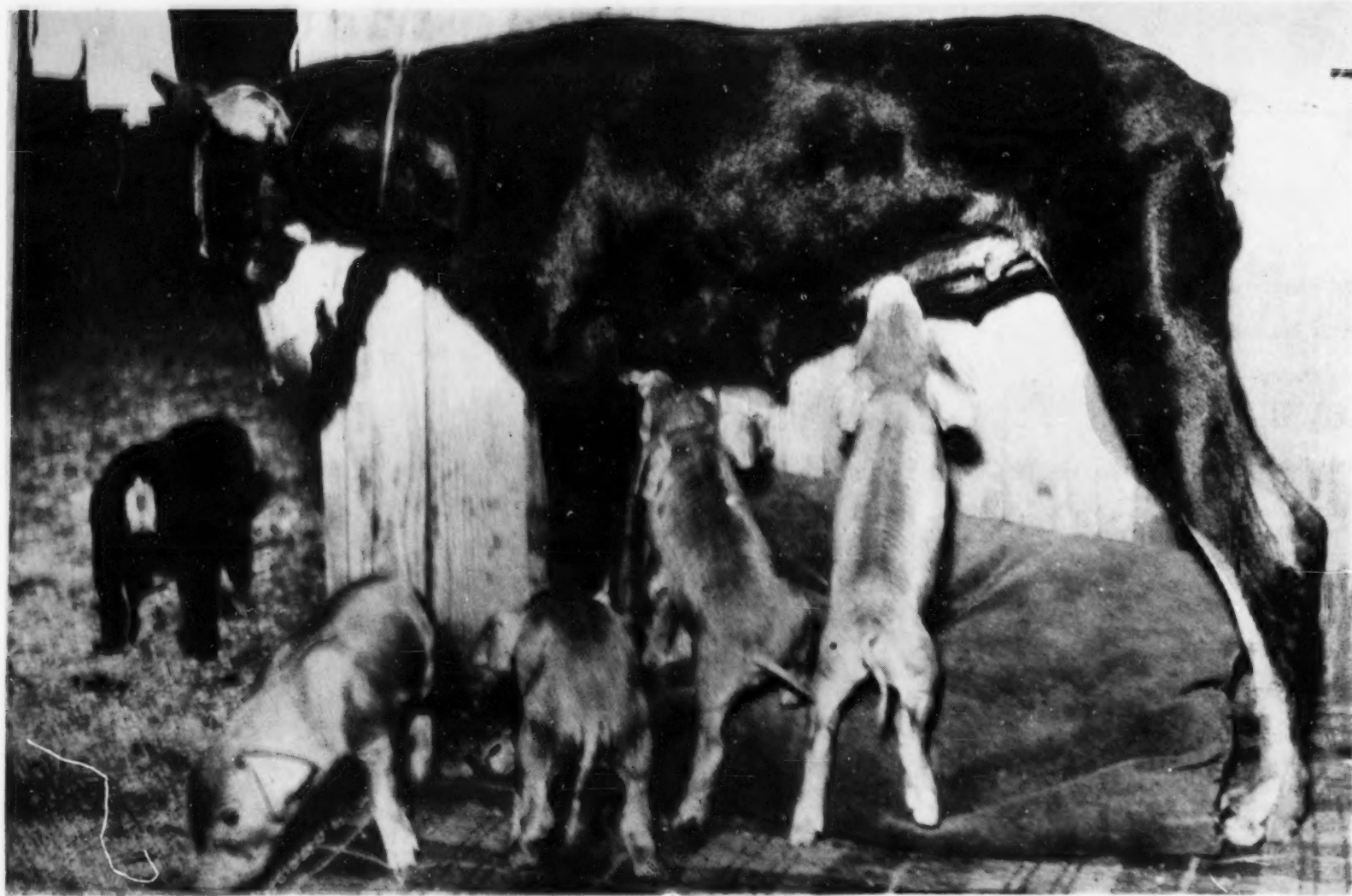
This fisherman has listened to old wives' tales about how to keep warm. He is wrapped in old tabloids.



(Wide World)

A Russian woman doctor at Svordlovsk invented this contraption. A baby rests in the bed. When he wets his diaper quite a current is set up, and a light flashes on.

# CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?



This motherly Dobermann Pinscher abandoned her pup for a piggy litter. . . .

(All photos Wide World)



A fireman's dog plays with rats. . . .



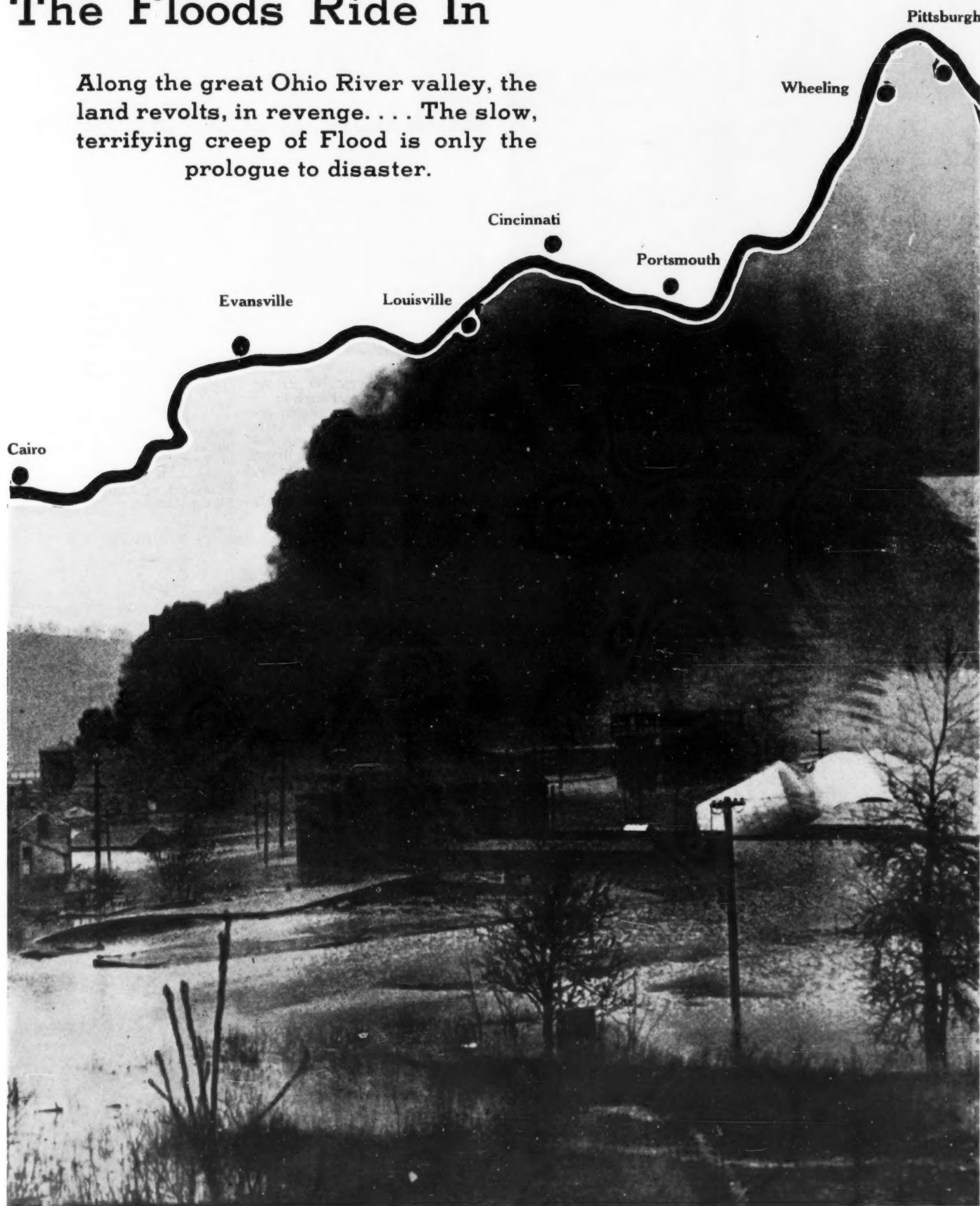
And a burro and his pal work together.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



# Holocaust . . . The Floods Ride In

Along the great Ohio River valley, the land revolts, in revenge. . . The slow, terrifying creep of Flood is only the prologue to disaster.





All photos by Charles Krutch

Naked lands can hold no water, which . . .

# LAND—

## How it is mistreated . . . and how it may be saved

**T**HE rivers are swollen. As though suffering from a horrendous disease of malnutrition, they inflate and deflate, in swift, disastrous proportions and leave behind them a trail of social wreckage.

Today it is inflation, and great outpourings of the dark waters are making plain to all America that the ill-treated land repays in kind.

In 1637, one million people lived in America and thrived as it thrived, adding in almost infinitesimal measure to the natural exploitation of the land. Today, there are 130 millions, living in vast complexity, dynamically, in constant accumulation.

With such living, America's

millions overtax the land which, by natural forces, would live along with them. When land is overtaxed, it erodes, is worn off, becomes bones without flesh. And then strikes back in pleading anger.

Today, the life and property of America's great Middle West valleys are experiencing the full brunt of that anger. In the spring, when rains will have cascaded down the bare mountain sides, the people of the valleys will know even greater anger.

Soon the cry for erosion control will again be heard—in the pleadings of homeless families, in the halls of State legislatures, perhaps to be answered in the chambers of Congress and the White House.



. . . in quick run-off streams, and flooding rivers . . .



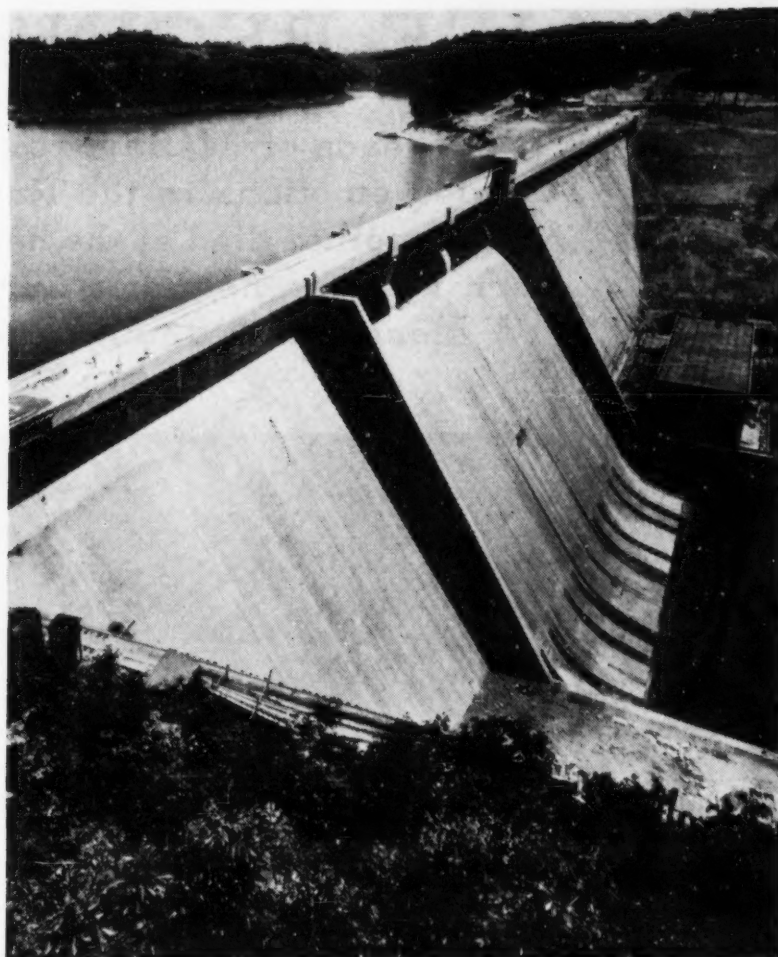
. . . ruthlessly destroys life and property.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly

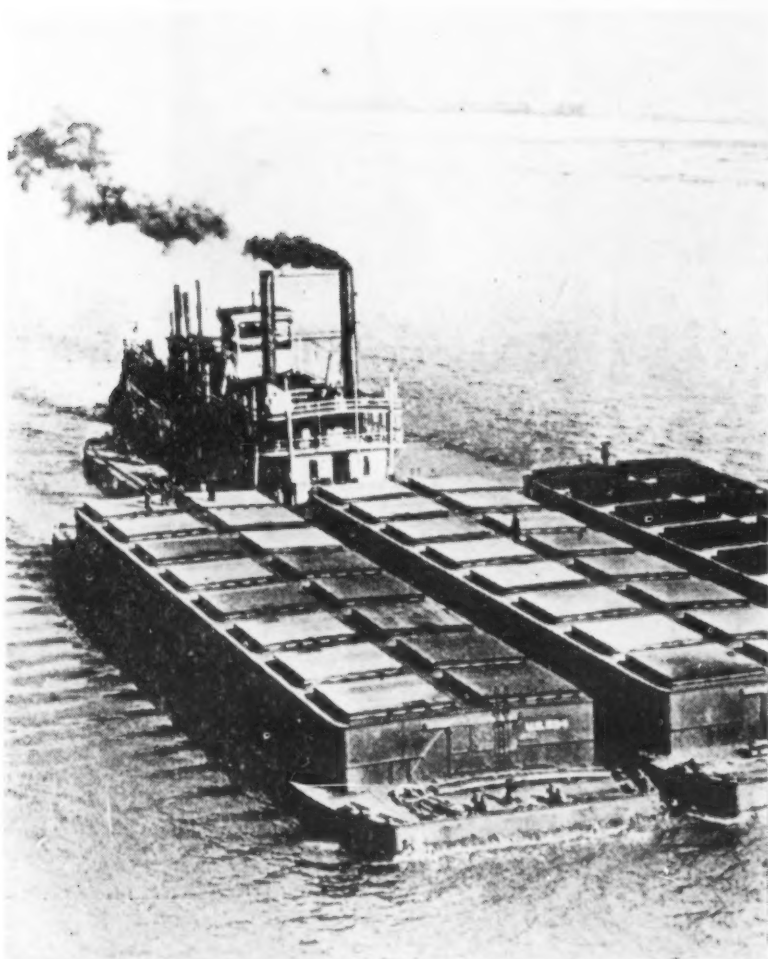




Sod and healthy forests check rapid run-off . . .

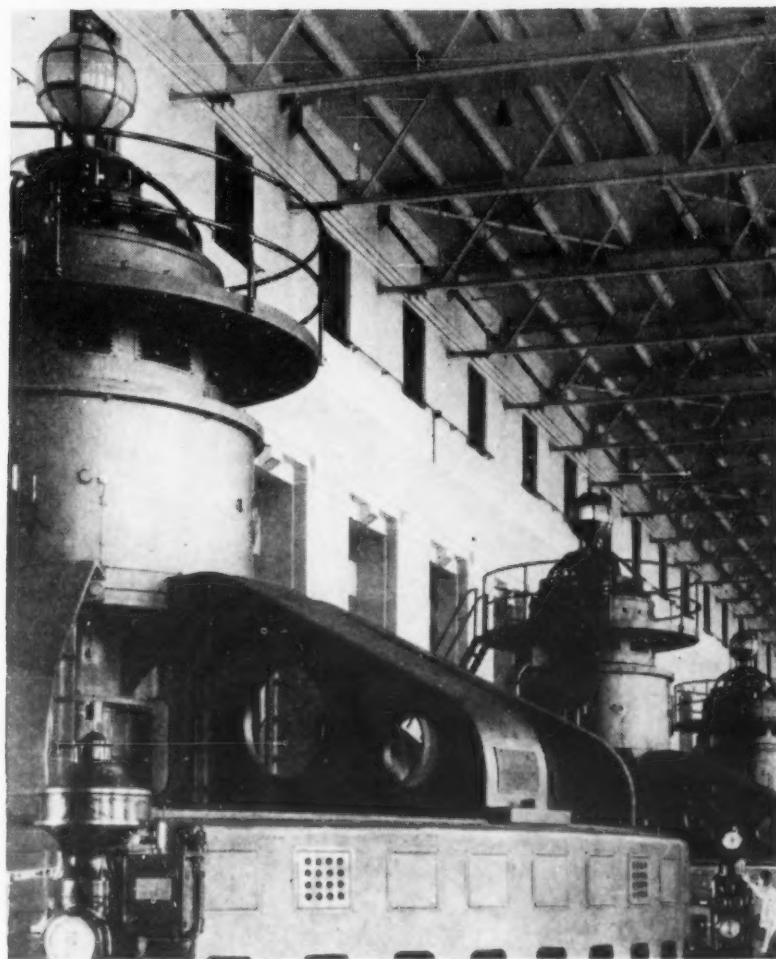


. . . while reservoir dams hold flood waters in check . . .



. . . release them into navigable, constant-depth-streams . . .

February 10, 1937



. . . and generate power for man's needs.

# LIFE BEGINS—AND ENDS

The threads of destiny wove their way into the fabric of tangled emotions in the Randall family. As a result, the young mother died at the hands of her husband, the child born with the help of a surgeon's knife faces the world alone with his aunt blinded and his father in jail.



Wide World

As Elsie Randall had wished, her five-day old child was christened Weldon Edward Randall. At the Alameda County Hospital, Rev. J. B. Orr (above) performed the ceremony.





In Seattle on January 9, Ray Randall came to his estranged wife's home, asked her to come back to him. When she refused, he fired wildly at her. A stray bullet caught her aunt, Mrs. Amelia Hohnhaus (above), in the eye.



(Wide World)

Randall, a young aviator, was taken to the hospital with his wounded wife to attend the birth of his son by Caesarian operation.



A few seconds after the delivery of her child, Elsie Randall, 19, was dead. Her husband (above), who confessed firing the shots, lives on, rebellious, adamant.



(Bourke-White)

**Yes to this.** Grace, poise, and the mastered intricacies of whatever the music dictates.



Arthur Murray

**No to this.** Fads in dancing, amusing in sporadic cases, deadly in rigid form and mass numbers.

## Swing Your Partner

**Arthur Murray—success story in cold cash, business man dealing in things like self-confidence and schoolgirl popularity—through the feet.**

ONE, two, three, four, stop-point, stop-point, one, two, three, four, stop, point, stop, point, all right, take step number two, one, two, three, four, step-close-step, step-close-step, MARY JONES, stop doing the Charleston, TOMMIE, hold your partner closer, one, two, three, four, all right children, that's enough.

And the little knots of miserable children at Miss Blank's dancing school joyfully relinquish each other and gather in giggling groups along the side walls.

This used to take place every week, while parents sat on the side lines and watched their lit-

tle girls get inferiority complexes by the baker's dozen. Those who were fortunate enough not to have to go to dancing school learned from each other, less painfully, in recess time at school. Some of course never learned at all.

Then, later, the stereotyped and uncomfortable products of Miss Blank's found themselves unable to cope with a rumba or a tango. At a loss, with new rhythms, they were considered as dated as a hipline belt.

Arthur Murray realized all this after years of youthful experience with middle-aged people who wanted to dance. He found that his feet were his fu-

ture, discovered that the American public really wanted to be successful dancers.

After trying his hand at a score of other professions—salesman, reporter, publicity agent, he became publicity agent for himself and started a correspondence dancing school.

It took like the black plague, it was terrific. Misfits throughout the nation not only devoured his every printed word, but turned up at his office, screaming for instruction.

He obliged by gathering around him a corps of instructors as skilled and tactful as he, and training them in the art of giving individual lessons.

The school, natural outgrowth of the correspondence, now numbers 224 instructors, working in day and night shifts, and a yearly enrollment of 15,000 pupils.

What Arthur Murray has done for American social dancing can be measured visibly at the better night spots, and emotionally when you reflect that the genuine spirit behind that first best-selling ad (30 Days Ago They Laughed At Me) is still here, that good dancing still opens more doors to the shy adolescent and the equally shy business-man, clerk, or duchess, than any other form of social behavior.





Debutantes truck, couples waltz, schoolgirls swing, children gravely stumble.



A Murray instructor gives part of his time to instruction in New York's uptown Y. M. H. A.



Bourke-White

All over America, ballroom dancing has felt the conservative but brilliant influence of Mr. Murray.

February 10, 1937



(Arthur Murray)

One of the collegiate death-grips that is particularly abhorrent to all standards of taste and aesthetics.



Near the summit of Mauna Kea. The climber of the 13,825-foot peak finds so many cinder cones at the top that it is difficult to determine precisely where the summit of Mauna Kea lies.

## Hawaiian High Spot: Frigid and Wild

The Paradise of the Pacific is not all hula-hula but has its high climes and high climbs, snow, cowboys and a wild range.



The cave of axes far up on the slopes of Mauna Kea. Early Hawaiians shaped their first crude stone axes out of a slate-like rock found only in this locality.

WHEN some one mentions Hawaii, you immediately think of lush fruits and supple girls and sweetly sung "aloha's," but that's the tourist Hawaii, not the Hawaii with its wide open spaces—hundreds of square miles of them—as wide open as those in the States.

Most "Wild Westernish" of Hawaii spaces is Mauna Kea, a mountain on the main island of Hawaii. Mauna Kea's peak, farthest point from Honolulu, is a haven for those who might want to "get away from it all." Its official elevation is 13,825 feet in dry weather, but when snow falls, it rises a few feet higher.

In good weather, ascent of Mauna Kea presents no great difficulties. The trail itself is far off the beaten tourist track. The only humans to be seen are cowboys, forest service men and an occasional hunter who is out to bag wild sheep, goat and pig. For the casual or curious visitor to Mauna Kea, there are no transportation or housing facilities.

From Honolulu, one takes the over-night passenger boat to Hilo, then drives by automobile to Kamuela, in the heart of the cattle country of the North Kohala upland and mountain district. The three-hour drive is over a winding dirt road, not un-



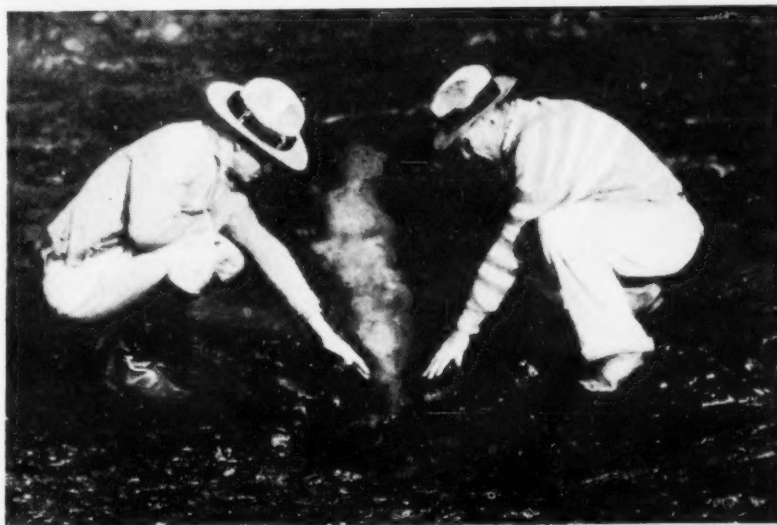


Near the summit of Mauna Kea lies Lake Waiau, one of the highest and coldest lakes in the world. During the winter, this district is covered with several feet of snow and the lake freezes, furnishing overwarm Hawaiians with skiing and skating.

like the cattle ranch routes one might follow off the main highways of Montana and Wyoming.

The night before the long upward trek must be spent in a ranch house, for no tourist accommodations are available here. Some of the ranch houses at the foot of Mauna Kea are less than a mile removed from the last avalanche of molten lava that swept down from the sister mountain, Mauna Loa, less than a year ago. One can still warm his hands over steaming cracks in the jet-black solidified stream, or trip over bits of wire that protrude from a pasture fence that has been swept away.

In the inky blackness of a moonless Hawaiian night, the horses are wheeled out of their stalls, the start made. After eleven hours of stiff riding, the uppermost peak of Mauna Kea



Near the terminus of the 1935 Mauna Loa lava flow. Warm cracks still give off steam.

is reached. The trail offers easy footing for the horses, for it has been well marked by the CCC boys.

From the exalted position of Mauna Kea one can look over a welter of other peaks, including the 10,000-foot peak of Haleakala on the island of Maui across Alenuihaha channel. More likely than not, however, hail and snow make the position tenable for but a short period of time.

Then the descent, packed with dangerous thrills. Mauna Kea, so far as lava flows are concerned, is not active, but no one knows when its crest may be capped with a shining halo of snow.

So back to civilization's outposts, a warm supper and rest for weary backs and eyes that ache with seeing so much beauty and peace for a happy mind.



Climbers reach the cairn which marks the extreme summit of Mauna Kea. A moment later, hail and snow descended, forcing an early departure.

# "Under Western Skies"

TIME: 1936-37; PLACE: The Americas

The theme of the play is peace and mutual trade. When the curtain rises, the hero, still tanned by South American sun, is smiling and frowning at the same time. The Americas are at peace, but they must be kept out of war. To fight a war, Europe needs their resources.



ROOSEVELT: "HAPPY PEOPLE OF THE AMERICAS . . ."

HULL: "TAKE DOWN YOUR FENCES."



SAAVEDRA LAMAS: "LEST WE FORGET, WE'RE EUROPE'S BEEF BASKET."



BENNETT: "CANADA IS AGREEABLE."



GARDENAS: "CLEAN UP OUR OWN YARD FIRST!"

BATISTA: "I KEEP MY PEACE WITH GUNS."

VARGUS: "DRINK TO PEACE—WITH COFFEE!"



# America Feeds Europe's Guns

Europe, half starved by the barriers of its own nationalisms, warms up to a war. . . . Forgets, perhaps, that wars are fought with raw materials—and that the Americas, with a full supply, could starve them out of war.

WAR TIME SELF-SUFFICIENCY THE SEVEN GREAT POWERS (including Colonial Possessions)

	UNITED STATES	GREAT BRITAIN	RUSSIA	FRANCE	GERMANY	ITALY	JAPAN
RUBBER							
NICKEL							
CHROMITE							
TUNGSTEN							
ANTINOMY							
TIN							
MERCURY							
PHOSPHATES							
WOOL							
POTASH							
MICA							
ALUMINUM							
COTTON							
LEAD							
COPPER							
OIL							
MANGANESE							
ZINC							
SULPHUR							
NITRATES							
IRON ORE							
COAL							

"Rich Land, Poor Land," by Stuart Chase

The distribution of war essentials.

ONE of the more startling possibilities in this mad world, where loose-tongued dictators smear diplomatic tradition and send whole populations into tremors of agonized fear by wiggling their itching trigger fingers, is that the two Americas—North and South—could starve most of the present-day belligerents into more peaceful moods.

The chance that today an outside influence could head off Germany, Italy, Japan, France and Russia on their present road to war seems most remote, if not impossible.

There is still a chance that the tides of war may be restrained. The crux of that possibility involves supplies of war materials. With no industrial

preparedness, of which raw materials are the backbone, there can be no war—at least, no victorious war.

Most of the continental powers who now choose to blaspheme their civilization with loud threats of preparedness are really playing the well-known "bluff" game for international poker. They simply have not got the goods.

When Napoleon's war machines were making long treks across the face of Europe, it was not very far from the truth to suggest that an army traveled on its stomach. Our modern war-makers, however, have chosen new ways and means. They plan for moves that will be rapid, heavy and expensive. For such

moves, the war ministries will have to have more than food at their disposal—and they know it. For any sort of sustained conflict, they will have to produce enough to maintain both the civil population and the military. Outside of food and clothing they will have to provide such essentials as power, machinery, chemicals, iron and steel, coal, iron ore and petroleum.

Of all the nations on the face of the globe, only those in North and South America have an ample supply of these war-time essentials. Furthermore, the continental powers have so low a "peace" consumption, even including their present preparation programs, that their power of increase to war consumption

is limited. If they did have the raw materials, they would be short on facilities for fabrication.

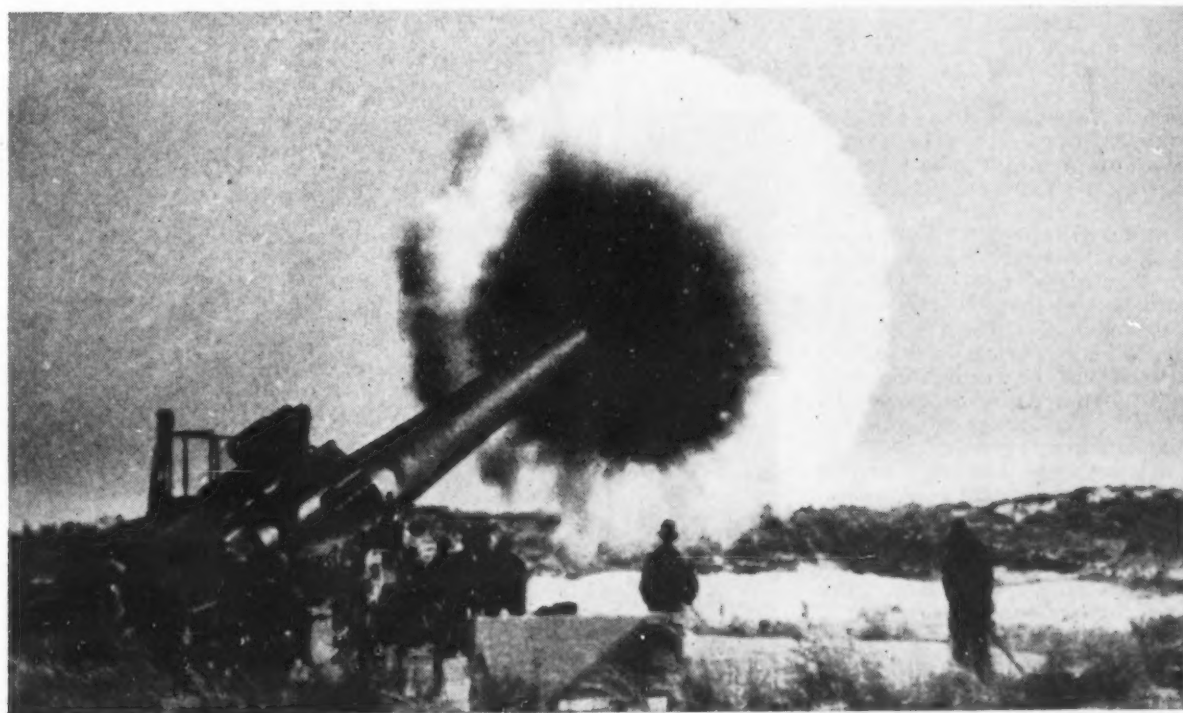
Of course, there is no telling what secrets lie dormant in the war department portfolios of Europe. It is probable, for example, that the preparers-for-war have set aside vast reserves of war essentials, as well as facilities for rapid conversion. Some nations, notably Germany, may have developed "ersatz" materials, or substitutes, that would match their needs. War time trade agreements with future allies might also contribute much toward filling the wide gaps.

Still, these are only make-shifts. The next war will be won with war materials. The Americas have these materials, and meet in quest of peace. Europe, with the exception of Russia, is practically bare of them.

The European nations who are tinkering with dynamite today will be facing some serious shortages when and if that dynamite goes off. England and Germany are short on food, petroleum and iron ore. France will be troubled by a lack of food, coal and petroleum. Italy has nothing but power. Japan has insufficient machinery, chemicals, iron and steel, iron ore and petroleum. Russia needs machinery and chemicals.

These shortages, of course, refer only to the absolute essentials of warfare. Related to the essentials—their actual basis, in fact—are some twenty-two critical materials (see chart). The United States has all but four: rubber, chromite, antimony and tin. The Brazilian interior has large and untouched areas of rubber. Bolivian tin ore is now supplanting other overtaxed sources. Mineral earths in Ecuador could add to our sup-

(Continued on page 31)



(Wide World)

Without the necessities of war no belching cannon can release its fearful message.

# Sports Events Here and There



The winter campaigns continue while outdoor athletes prepare for warm weather.

**A** MAN is building a boat at Bath, Maine, which will cost him approximately \$500,000 before it is completed in April. The boat never will carry so much as a pound of cargo, and no paying passenger ever will promenade around its deck. As an investment, it will be a total loss.

Next summer, though, the boat will be one of the most prominent on American waters, for she will be a class J yacht, defender of the America Cup. Her builder is the millionaire sportsman Harold S. Vanderbilt. The boat will defend the international cup against the challenge of the English airplane manufacturer, T. O. M. Sopwith, whose British-owned and British-spelled *Endeavour* failed to take away the cup in 1934.

"Skipper Mike" Vanderbilt, in taking on the financial burden of building a cup defender, makes it possible for America to accept Sopwith's second challenge. When the challenge was presented, Vanderbilt offered to contribute \$200,000 as his share in a defender, but the offers stopped right there. When he saw that the other millionaire yachtsmen showed no inclination to contribute, he took a deep breath and agreed to build a defender himself.

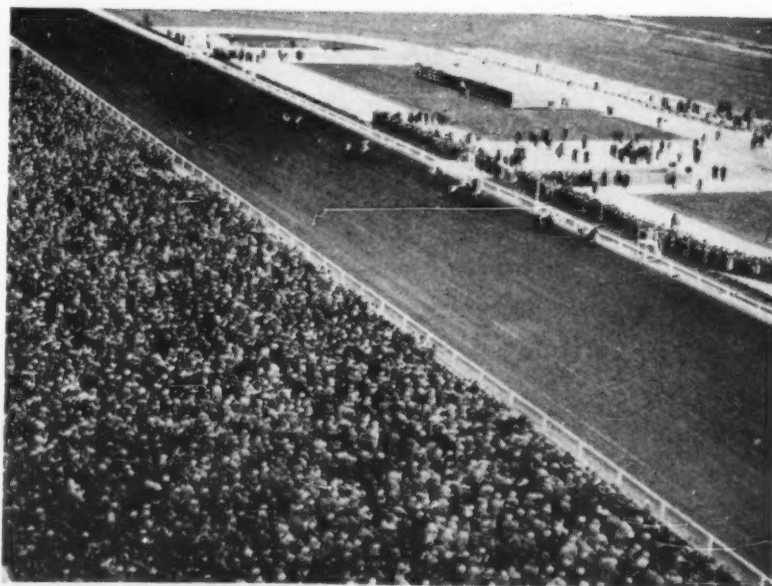
Known as America's best skipper of racing yachts, Vanderbilt already has two victories to his credit in international cup races. In 1930 he sailed the *Enterprise* against the *Shamrock V*, defeating the late Sir Thomas Lipton's entry in four straight races. It was Vanderbilt, too, who was skipper of *Rainbow*, victor over *Endeavour* in 1934.

Both *Enterprise* and *Rainbow*, however, were owned by syndicates of wealthy yachting enthusiasts. Vanderbilt's defender, which has not yet been named, will be the first since 1887 to be owned by one man. In that year General Charles Paine's *Volunteer* turned back the challenge of the Scotch cutter, *Thistle*. "Skipper Mike" will be master in fact as well as in name when he takes the wheel of the American defender next summer.

His action will not only uphold the dignity of American yachtsmen, who would have looked foolish, to say the least, if they had let a challenge go unaccepted, but also will provide an exciting week or two for thousands of persons who take a keen interest in these international yacht races.

For some reason, the contests in boat design and building, and sailing skill, grip the imagina-

Miss Margaret Dewey uses skis instead of a sled at Lake Placid, N. Y.



The beautiful Santa Anita Race Track attracts thousands of Californians for the winter racing.

Wide World photos

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



tion of the American public. The races are followed closely not only by the wealthy yachting fraternity, but by the baseball and fight fans, and the followers of every sport who like their champions for their ability and manner of winning, without regard to their social standing.

Most of the persons who get so much enjoyment out of the competition know little or nothing about the technicalities of yacht racing, comparatively few of them see the races and fewer still will ever own a yacht. But these periodic races between two beautiful and expensive toys of wealthy men create as much excitement as a world's series or a championship fight. Crowds swarm to Newport, R. I., where they are held, and a fleet of excursion boats and large steamers follows the races.

Part of this popularity of the races is due to the fascination which boats hold for the public. The recent National Motorboat Show in New York gave evidence of this attraction boats have, when the number of visitors became so great that the doors were closed to prevent overcrowding. Every day, before the show was opened, a line of landlubbers formed outside, waiting to pay for the privilege of looking at boats. And the boats weren't in water, either.

It is this fascination which lures the crowds to Newport to see a race which is frowned upon by some pessimists who call it merely a silly exhibition of millionaires' playthings. The money it takes to build and sail these boats, they say, would be better spent for charity.

This argument often is advanced when a sports event in which a lot of money is involved takes place. The best refutation of the argument we ever heard was voiced by one of a group of young men standing on the deck of a steamer following the last race off Newport in 1934. One of the group, who evidently was not enjoying the race very much, had made the usual objection to the whole affair, saying that all the spectators were foolish to be looking at a race between two yachts which represented a waste

of money. The outcome of the race, he said, would not mean a thing except that more money had been wasted on one boat than on the other.

With this his friend contradicted him and came to the defense of the race itself, just as Vanderbilt had come to the defense of the cup.

"In the first place," he said, "it is none of my business, nor yours either, what these millionaires do with their money. If they want to put thousands of dollars into a yacht, even during a depression, that is their affair."

"Incidentally, that money isn't thrown into the sea, you know. It gives employment to plenty of men who work on the construction of the boats, and a lot of it goes into materials like steel, wood and sails."

The young race defender, who was getting warmed up now, also pointed out that an expensive exhibition of this sort, which many persons thought had a bad effect on the unemployed by flaunting wealth in their faces, did nothing of the sort.

"People all over the country," he said, "are following this race over the radio or are reading about it in the afternoon papers. They are getting lots of fun out of it; it's making them forget their troubles for a while. Why, a depression is just the time for a race like this, which I agree isn't very important as far as settling the problems of the world is concerned. People get a kick out of meaningless things. It cheers them up to know that someone has money and that they can still get excited over a race between two sailboats."

This speech seemed to settle the argument. Certainly it presented a viewpoint usually forgotten by those who protest against events like international cup races.

Besides the fascination which a boat race holds for people who cannot get out on the water themselves, there is the patriotic partisanship fostered by any international contest. This partisanship, however, is not always consistent. When Lipton was carrying on his persistent but unsuccessful efforts to bring the

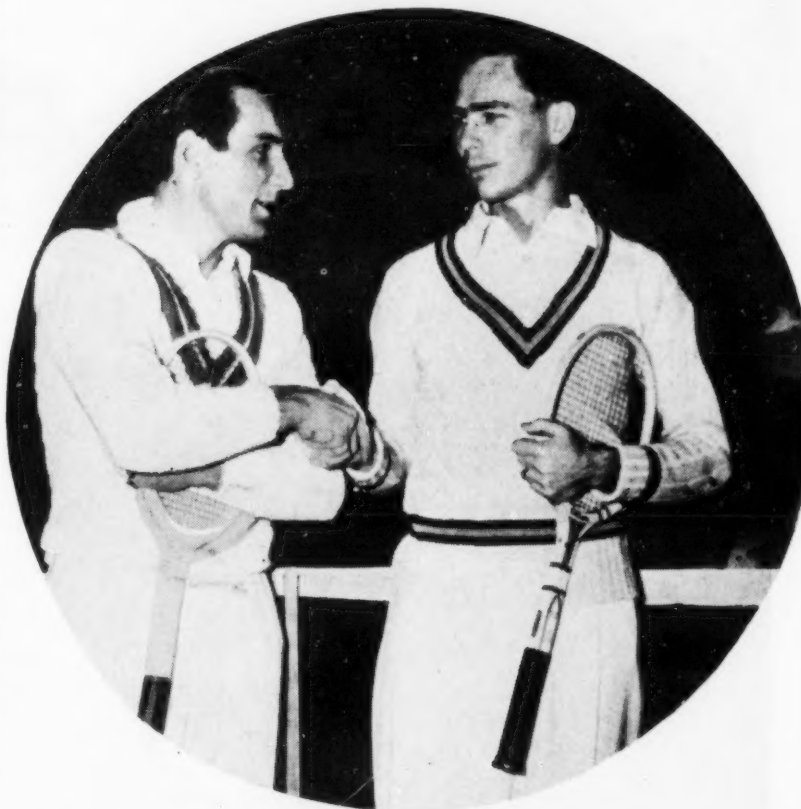
cup back to England, many Americans sympathized with him and hoped that he'd finally win with one of his Shamrocks.

The America Cup, which Lipton sought for thirty-one years, is an old tarnished trophy with an intrinsic value of about \$500. Its value to yachtsmen is far more than that, though, and possession of it is the highest honor

they can think of, as it signifies supremacy of the waves in racing yachts.

Whether it remains in America this summer or not, "Skipper Mike" Vanderbilt deserves a vote of thanks. He's giving Sop with a crack at the cup, and he'll give us all a lot of fun during his defense of the battered trophy.

—DONALD REYNOLDS



Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines continue their coast to coast tour and their professional rivalry on the tennis court.



Can spring be far behind? Manhattan College track stars limber up outdoors.



U. of Pennsylvania oarsmen prepare for the spring under the eye of Coach Rusty Callow.

Wide World Photos

## "New Blood" for the Supreme Court

Roosevelt's way of enlisting judiciary in fight to make Democracy effective







## The New Deal Reaches the Courts

Again, the country is violently partisan. President Roosevelt's proposal to reform the judiciary, once more divides the country into hostile camps. His recommendations would increase the membership of the Supreme Court from nine to a possible fifteen justices. It would infuse "new blood" into the rest of the federal judiciary. Whenever cases involve the constitutionality of any federal law, it would require that the government have a chance to defend the acts of Congress even when it is not a party to the action. Other recommendations seek to speed up justice by giving the Supreme Court greater authority over the federal court structure, to remove delays, inequalities and injustices. Realizing that a storm of opposition would follow any attempt to reform the courts, the president took great pains to describe the inadequacy of the present judiciary, the manner in which justice is impeded, the inequalities that have crept into the system, and the chaos that results from conflicting opinions on the same laws in various branches of the federal court structure. He seeks a complete overhauling of the entire hierarchy of the courts. It is the most far-reaching proposal of his administration. Its success will undoubtedly lead to eventual validation of most New Deal acts by justices picked for their liberal opinions.

Photos  
by Wide World

Supreme Court justices march to  
President Roosevelt's second inaugural

February 10, 1937

# Rubber Goes One-Piece

Early rubber traders would be astonished at modern invention which permits casting of rubber articles without seams . . . a boon to manufacturers of toys, clothing and scientific apparatus.

**D**EVELOPMENT of the rubber industry, abetted by scientific research and genius, has made its greatest advances in the last few decades. The newest wrinkle in the rubber industry, as far as manufacturing goes, is the perfection by English experimentalists of a new process of molding.

The new process permits the casting of rubber articles without limitation in size or shape. It is made possible by the liquid condition of the substance, known as latex—or, to the layman, plain liquid rubber. Poured into molds made of non-porous metal, it is treated by a short sequence of simple operations. The result can be articles of hollow, semi-hollow or solid form, according to need, but all in one piece.

No longer will water seep through the worn seams of rubber boots, for the heel, sole and top can all be made at the same time by the new process, and thereby are seamless.

More accurate prophecies by erratic weather-man may be another welcome result of the invention. For among the objects which can now be cast of rubber are ten-inch balloons which, when inflated to a diameter of fifteen feet, are used for making weather observations.

One-piece pails and sturdy

six-foot balls are among the other almost innumerable possibilities of the new device.

Already a number of manufacturing companies in the United States have adopted the new process and are using it to good advantage in the making of everything from toys to scientific apparatus. It was developed by Walter Kay of Bury, England, and is known as the Kaysam Process.

Before Columbus made his first voyage of discovery, native Indians roaming the warmer sections of America were familiar with a hard, springy substance which they secured by treating the sap of certain trees and which they used for such crude purposes as rough balls in their games.

Explorers, discovering it, brought it back to Europe, called it caoutchouc, and began finding and applying its amazing properties.

If either the Indians or early traders could see the far-flung results of today, they would be unable to recognize the object of their playing and trading. For the rubber industry of today, which sprang from these humble beginnings, is a world-wide one of basic importance.

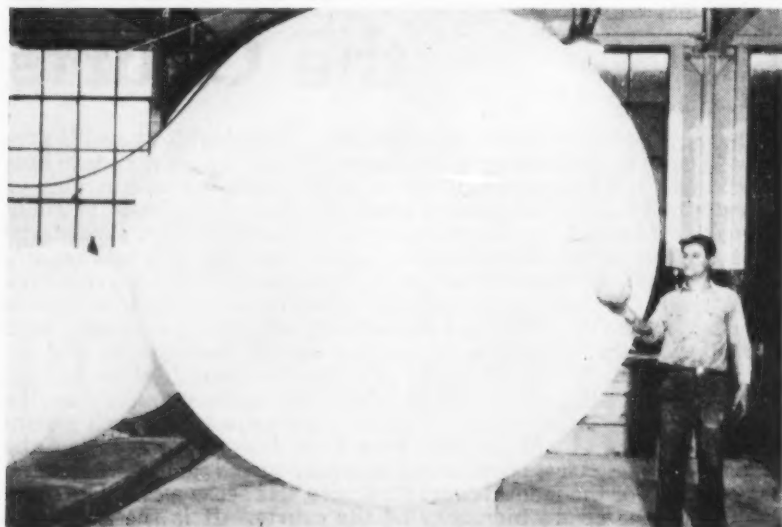


All photos by Wide World

A pretty Boston lass demonstrates the strength of six feet of air-filled rubber ball.



The new process permits the casting of one-piece pails from liquid rubber or latex.



Ten-inch balloons which grow to fifteen feet upon inflation are now used to make weather observations.



Not a seam can be found between top, sole and heel of the new, cast-rubber boots now manufactured.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly





Plying toothbrushes instead of pens, these youngsters take up a new type of study as educators take on the responsibility of children's health.

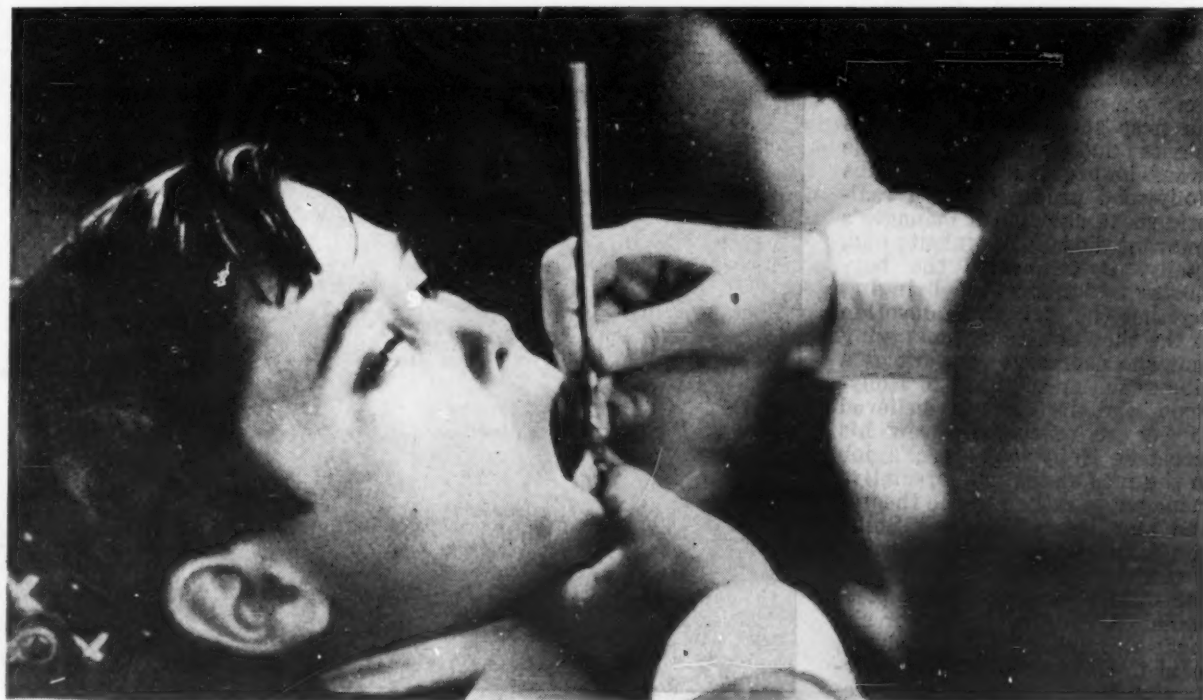
## A Brushing a Day Keeps Dentists Away

So schoolboys and girls are taught that proper care of teeth will save much future pain and trouble, and every day the school buses carry them to clinics.

**T**AKING the dread out of the dentist's chair for school children has become a major campaign of New York's Board of Education. Not trusting parents to impart the complete facts of dental life to their offspring, the educators have developed a scheme to popularize the subject through practical education.

On school days, buses transport hundreds of public school pupils to the Guggenheim Dental Clinic for thorough individual examination. If necessary, treatment follows. But for everyone there are lectures by the dentists on care of the teeth.

But that isn't the whole process. A regular course in the subject is given. It is helped out by a "brush and drill" room where the children learn to scrub away at their teeth with brushes which they buy at cost, keep individually numbered and in sterilized tubes. They ply the brushes under the supervision of a graduate dentist and nurse under the protection of rubber aprons, and gradually learn the importance of oral hygiene along with the three "R's."



The idea is to teach school children that the dentist doesn't really hurt, that anticipation of pain makes pain, and this is the way that point is made clear.

# THE THEATRE

# For Showmen Only

THIS is no critique of the current theater. It is an appreciation by a novice in criticism. For the hard-to-please customers, his point of view will be worthless. For those who, like himself, love the theater, there may be some meat.

There is an impression on Broadway that this has been a pretty disastrous season. And it has, for many producers. But for those fortunate enough to find good scripts and, finding them, knowing what to do with them, it is a magnificent season.

A glance down the list of plays on the boards shows a surprisingly small number for early February. So many plays have come and gone quickly this season. Several with great promise also failed to make the grade after short runs. But we are concerned with those that remain.

Perhaps the outstanding achievements of the season are the two Sam H. Harris' smash hits—"Stage Door" and "You Can't Take It With You"; both are George S. Kaufman collaborations—"Stage Door" with Edna Ferber and "You Can't Take It With You" with Moss Hart. Here is proof positive that the commercial theater is for the adept.

"Stage Door" tells the oft-told story of the trials of a devoted, earnest little girl bent on getting into the theater, and how she weathers every discouragement until she gets her big chance. But it is laid in a theatrical girls' boarding club and shows the types of girls who work in the theater, and the compromises and sacrifices they make; it ribs the movies by taking one dazzling blonde without talent and raising her to stardom; it ribs a thinly disguised revolutionary playwright who accepts a call to Hollywood after his first success and sinks his talents and ambitions in the swank he acquires there; it ribs Hollywood producers in a realistic scene showing a manager's ignorant disdain for talent; and, finally, it celebrates the boy-meets-girl theme by bringing together the girl whose devotion to the theater was so unflagging that she preferred to work at a Macy counter to going to Hollywood, and the boy who believed in her so much he threw his lucrative Hollywood agent's job in the face of the unappreciative manager to return to the theater and star her. Margaret Sullivan turns in such a convincing performance, one nearly forgets her own odyssey is a complete denial of the play itself, for she made a quick hit on Broadway, went to Hollywood, reached stardom almost immediately, and returned to star in "Stage Door" apparently enriched by the experience.

Then there is the scintillating "You Can't Take It With You," for which Columbia Pictures is reported to have paid \$200,000 for the picture rights. It is a little circus, bringing together on one stage one of the strangest assortments of humans ever claiming one family. Its achievement is that despite their daffiness, they make sense as well as fun, for there is a basic philosophy underlying their seeming simple-mindedness that leaves one wondering if they are quite as lunny as they seem. The story is simply a device on which to peg the comedy. An attractive secretary falls in love with the boss's son. He brings his proper and worldly family to visit hers unexpectedly. That is the signal for the circus to swing into high, for the embarrassment of both parties affords some rare opportunities for a lot of didos and some delicious humor. You have to keep your ears and eyes sharply on the words and antics not to miss a single laugh line or situation.

That two such plays should pack them in on opposite sides of West 45th Street, at the Music Box and at the Booth, is a tribute to the showmanship of Sam H. Harris, the deftness of Moss Hart and Edna Ferber, and the sure touch of George S. Kaufman.

This is a season for showmen,

as already noted. Gilbert Miller has had four plays on Broadway at one time and is readying a fifth, which will soon take the place of his first departure, "Promise."

When the hundredth anniversary of the start of Queen Victoria's reign is celebrated in June, the chances are that Helen Hayes will still reign on Broadway in the Miller production, "Victoria Regina," perhaps the most beautiful and entrancing performance the star has ever given. Mr. Miller's comedy hit is "Tovarich," the fantastic story of a pair of Russian aristocrats trying to make their own way in a topsy-turvy world. Ruth Gordon in "The Country Wife" should have given Mr. Miller another smash hit, but the public does not seem to relish its frank restoration bawdiness. And "Promise," distinguished by the fine performance of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, must be put down as an artistic treat that did not find an audience.

Katherine Cornell in "Wingless Victory" and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, who stars Burgess Meredith and Peggy Ashcroft in "High Tor" (both the work of Maxwell Anderson), have captured the best American original writing on the stage this season. For this writer, "Wingless Victory" is the theater at its best, in writing, in

acting in production. And the whimsy of "High Tor" is the most delightful and enchanting on the stage. How the Cornell-McClintic forces let another work of Maxwell Anderson get away from them this season, we do not know, but the Theater Guild will try to retrieve its most disastrous season with his third play, "The Masque of Kings."

For the smart set, there is the cycle of nine one-act plays by and with Noel Coward, co-starred with Gertrude Lawrence; and the acid bitter lampoon of womankind, "The Women," by Clare Booth, a Max Gordon production, which usually have standing room only.

George Abbott seems to have another laugh hit in "Brother Rat," the comedy of life at a military academy. It is reminiscent of "She Loves Me Not," and has the tempo of "Three Men on a Horse," which was a long-lived Abbott hit.

The most spectacular thing on Broadway is the Max Reinhardt production, "The Eternal Road." It is the story of a people, told in the beautiful lyric of Franz Werfel and with lofty music of Kurt Weil and beautiful setting and lighting of Norman Bel Geddes. Professor Reinhardt's magic was never used to greater effect.



Scene from Sam H. Harris's biggest current hit, "You Can't Take It With You," in which George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber collaborated.



# The Eternal Road

Franz Werfel, Kurt Weill and Max Reinhardt put their heads together and produce a production which extends beyond the conventional confines of the stage.



The son of the Estranged One sees the legends of the Jewish people enacted before him, and kneels before the biblical idols of his forefathers.



In the synagogue, a legend is read of the peoples' wanderings in the wilderness, while the white angels and the angel of death appear.



The congregation, weary after a night of terror, sleeps, and the son of the Estranged One hears God and talks with Him.



Moses, a stranger in a strange land, leads the Elders of Israel from Egypt, as the pitiless kings look on.



Joseph, idol of his father, stands pensively before his house, while his jealous brethren, hating him for being a dreamer, conspire against him.



## Little Girl Makes Good

The pleasing and genuine success story of Deanna Durbin is a tribute to her and to her well known patron. This year she is Eddie Cantor's most popular protegee, and she merits all the critical applause she has won, in spite of her youth, for she is a charming and unspoiled young lady who works hard, sings well, and is justifiably ambitious in outlook.

By Dorothy Rockwell

**E**DDIE CANTOR has maintained, through years of strenuous comedy plugging, a consistent and very open-hearted attitude towards talented youngsters who seek careers. Every year since the start of his long radio career he has had one or more proteges under his philanthropic elbow. It is a matter of policy with him, but make no mistake, the kids have to be good. He doesn't pick them for their poor-but-deserving background, or their haunting blue eyes, but because his showman's sense and trained recognition of talent see in such children as Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin a high level of What the Public Wants, done up in a pleasing package.

Deanna Durbin is what might be termed typically unusual. She adds as much to Cantor's pro-

gram and its popularity as he adds to her chances for long-term success, and this is a very fortunate working basis.

Deanna was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on December 4, fourteen years ago. Gasping rumor has it that she sang before she could talk. She moved to Los Angeles when she was two years old, as her father, a successful broker, wanted some California sunshine. By the time she was ten years old, the loveliness of her voice and appearance were locally famous and her older sister was trying to get her an audition or a screen test. But she preferred to keep on going to school and just appearing in school pageants and things. Soon she entered the Bret Harte Junior High School, where her unusual intelligence and well-



Deanna swings cheerfully down Fifth Avenue.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



marked talent put her right up at the top, and finally she gave in and had an audition. . . .

And Eddie Cantor happened to be there, and you know the rest.

She now attends the Professional Children's School on the Warner Brothers lot, in between making pictures and giving broadcasts. Her fabulous salary is being banked towards a European musical education. She is being tutored and watched by Andres de Seguro, retired Metropolitan Opera Star, who has done the same for Marion Talley, Mary McCormack, and others. Expert throat examination has led to the satisfactory conclusion that her voice will not change in quality but will merely gain in range and depth as she grows older. When she was in New York Edward Johnson, director of the Metropolitan, gave her a private hearing and was well pleased. She has made up her mind to have an operatic career, and there is every chance that she will get it. She is hard-working, more than presentable, and charmingly unspoiled. Cantor has done it again.



She meets that old contact man, Mayor La Guardia, and satisfies a wish.



Visits Radio City's top . . .



rides on a bus . . .



passes through a subway turnstile.

# Books in Review



Francis Yeats-Brown  
Lancer at Loose Ends



Dorothy Cleary  
Pennsylvania Laughter



Lady Eleanor Smith  
Portrait of a Portrait

## "Lancer at Large"

AFTER fifteen years, Francis Yeats-Brown went back to India, and when he left the rocky coast of England he was under contract for another book about the scene of the unforgettable Bengal lancers.

Presumably his publishers knew what to expect.

In fifteen years, Mr. Yeats-Brown had changed and modified his views about a lot of things. You will remember that *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* was a ripping good tale of jolly English idealisms, with pig-sticking and pundit-jabbing being portrayed as the height of good sportsmanship—unless it was the manly way in which Franchot Tone and Gary Cooper let their fingernails be uprooted for the good old Army. And behind the well-disciplined plot was a deep feeling for the uncomfortable White Man's Burden, a sense that the sprawling nation needed to be left to itself, after proper schooling, of course, and a growing preoccupation with the intricate mysticisms of India's religions.

Now we find Mr. Yeats-Brown returning as a disciple, seeking access to the mystic ways of life. Gone is the martial spirit—gone but not uprooted, since it has undergone a subtle mutation into a very interesting theory about the school system—and pig-sticking is relegated to a faint golden haze in chapter 12. He travelled 20,000 miles, by train, car, and automobile, on horse, elephant and foot, and completed his tour and the book in six months.

Not only would Hollywood have great difficulty in working up even a documentary film from *Lancer at Large*, but readers seeking a single philosophy either of government or religion will be equally disappointed. Mr. Yeats-Brown can be forgiven for being so gently diffuse, because that is the special privilege of a disciple at the feet of mysticism. He can be forgiven for his disregard of the fundamental issues facing India for the same reason. Unfortunately, this leaves the reader to bicker with individual ideas.

There are many of these, sprinkled through the pages like the nuts in a Waldorf salad, that are both illogical and undefined. A chapter devoted, more or less, to discussion of the masses, contains the words:

"My brain boggles before these masses and millions. They mean nothing. Millions never do."

Then Mr. Yeats-Brown goes on to talk of overpopulation, birth rate, and the caste system, to wail about the unnationalized army, and then to give a detailed account of his closest contact with the crowds—in a railway carriage. The caste system turns

out to me "positive eugenics in practise" and a good method of spreading employment, yet the solution for India is seen to lie in an educational system which he found in practise at the Doon School in Dehra Dun—a miniature Harrow where cast is utterly disregarded and the little brown boys learn to be men by playing cricket in grey shirts and shorts, and going on camping trips in their vacation. This is the ideal school system, yet England is to step out of the picture. India must not be forced to suck the eggs of democracy, yet India's seers are praised for being democratic. Ghandi is a representatively Hindu mind but absolute pacifism is all wrong—and yet Mr. Yeats-Brown is at the feet of the swamis who practise Ahisma—harmlessness. So it goes, leaving the reader wondering how the man can so consistently disagree with himself and still have such an unusual understanding of Indian philosophies.

The answer lies in Mr. Yeats-Brown's choice of Hatha Yoga as his goal. This he defines in his glossary as "the mystic path of physical exercise." Mass questions, social philosophies, can go hang: our erstwhile Lancer cannot forget that he went to Yar-row.

("Lancer at Large," Francis Yeats-Brown. The Viking Press. \$2.75.)

## "Personality"

THE most arresting thing to me about Dr. Winifred Richmond's book was the discovery that the eccentric people who make life amusing, and the idiosyncrasies of endearing characters in fiction are explained by psychology as "maladjustments and minor deviations from the normal." Thus Don Juan is no longer a romantic figure, but an adolescent personality who retained the fickleness and self-conceit of adolescence. Dora in "David Copperfield" is not the ideal devoted wife but an infantile personality, dependent and security-seeking. The lover who can think of nothing but his beloved one, neglecting friends and work, is "neurotic" and "obsessed." Your energetic friend who is "passionate" or "fanatic" or "extremely concerned" about everything is displaying "exaggerated traits" and "overcompensations."

What can they do about it—these abnormal people? Their personality is a product of their heredity and their environment. They can't control either in youth, or until their personality is pretty well formed. No, they can only learn to understand themselves, and by analyzing why they do so and so, become master of themselves.

Dr. Richmond reviews Freud's

theory of the "unconscious"; Jung's "four fundamental functions of the mind"; and Adler's "inferiority theory." She describes various disorders of the personality and their cure.

And she concludes that psychology has reached the stage so that man knows enough to produce a better order of society; whether or not he is mature enough remains to be seen. She says: "Great civilizations before us have perished from the face of the earth because of man's ignorance of his own nature, of the motives behind his actions, and the forces that drive him, even against his conscious will. For the first time in history some of the ignorance is dispelled. The clouds are lifting a little, and if man has the courage to follow what light he sees, it may be that the new era will dawn."

("Personality," by Winifred Richmond. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.)

\* \* \*

## Worth Reading "Portrait of a Lady"

LADY ELEANOR SMITH has managed to write a romantic yet believable tale about a woman of questionable heredity, Medora Venn. The story takes place a long time ago, and its remoteness adds to its romantic atmosphere. Medora survived poverty, an adventuress-mother, a drunken actor-lover, a gypsy groom lover, draughty theatres, a gypsy tent pitched beside an English stream; but the cold monumental castle of Cheyn where she lived last with her cold monumental husband, Lord Cheyn, stands still. In it hangs to this day a portrait of the beautiful Medora painted by Winterhalter.

("Portrait of a Lady," by Lady Eleanor Smith. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.)

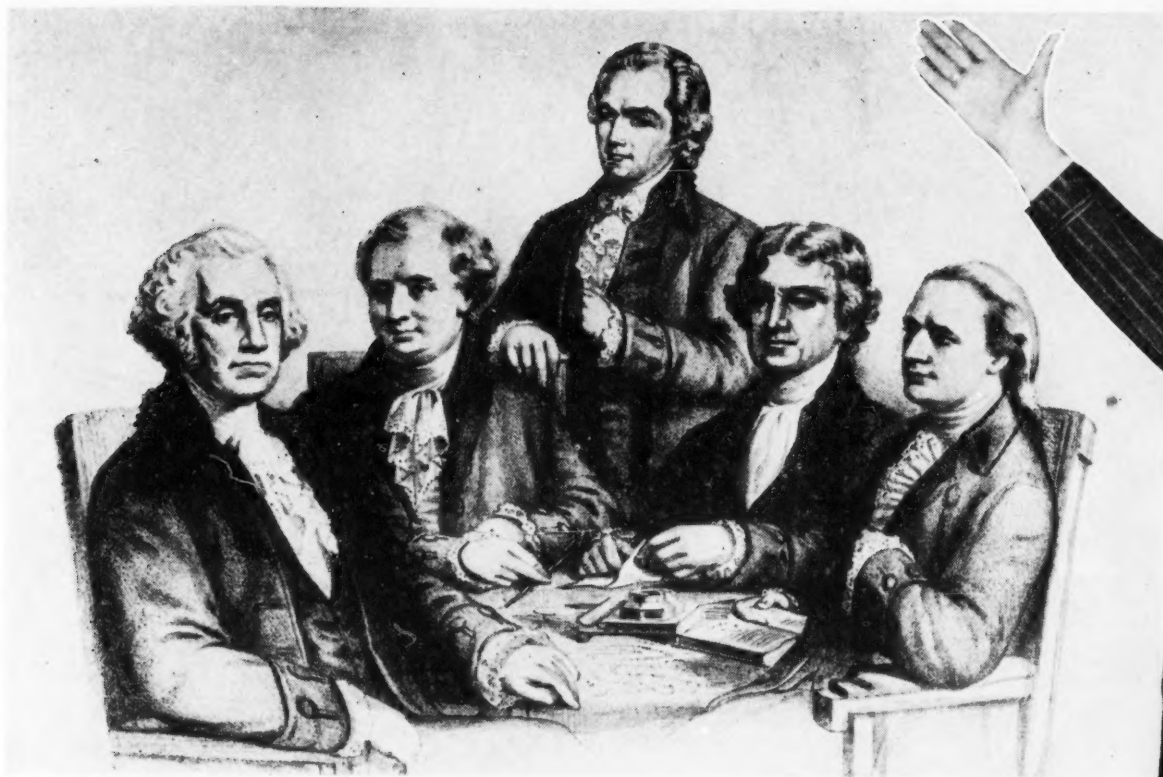
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"NAKED TO LAUGHTER" reads like a play. The characters do a great deal of talking and very little thinking. They all live in one of those Pennsylvania Dutch communities where most of the inhabitants are so-called "plain" people, dressing in quaint black costumes, even the children. However, the main characters in the book are far from "plain." They are of the earth, loving when and where their fancies lie, not counting costs. Ruby Shreve, the milliner of the town, loves and loses, and is left naked to the laughter of those who know.

("Naked to Laughter," by Dorothy Cleary. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00.)

—HORNER YOUNG





(Wide World)

George Washington and his cabinet. Under him the Supreme Court was designed for a population 75% illiterate, where workmen, women, negroes, and small property-holders were not considered able to vote.

## The Ultimate Power

Morris L. Ernst, in "The Ultimate Power," (Doubleday Doran, \$3.00), brings history up to date, gives Congress the choice between surrender of democracy and clearing the channel between the people and their representatives.



(Wide World)

In 1787 the most ambiguous clause went into the Constitution; it guaranteed to every State a Republican form of government. Today's Liberty Leaguers take the point of view held by the monarchists of 1787 in the interpretation of that clause.



(Wide World)

The "Guardian of the Law" statue outside the Supreme Court building, stands serene while its ideals are discussed.



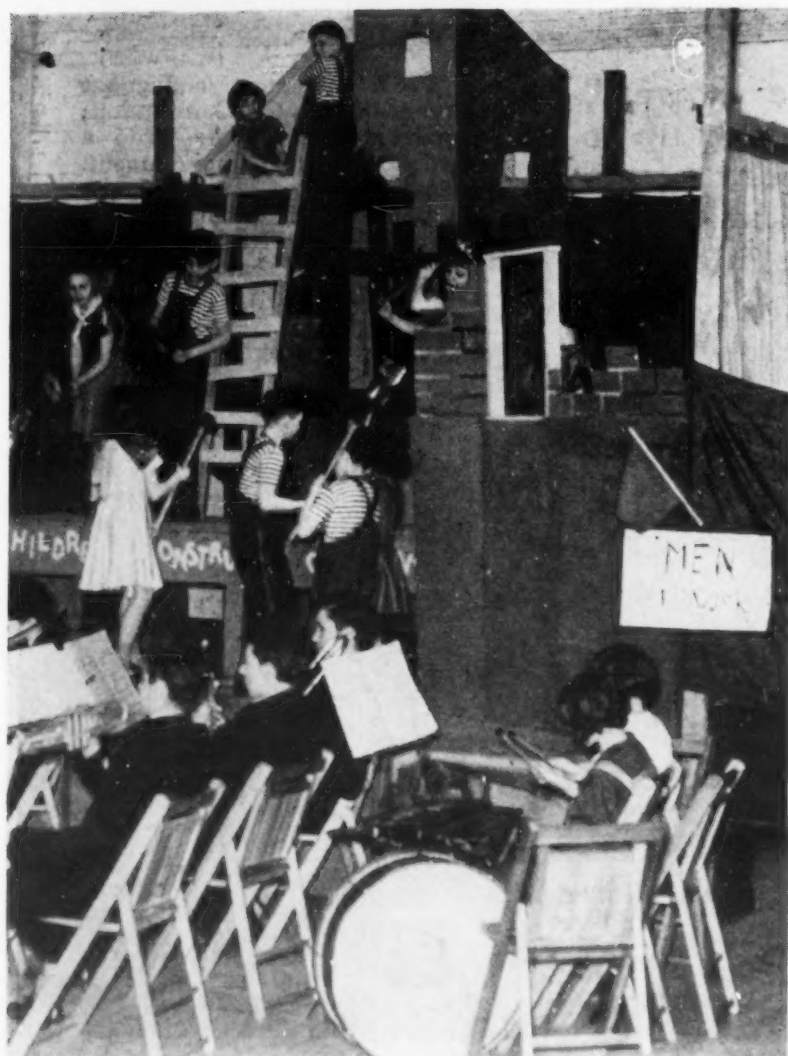
(Wide World)

The first Resettlement Administration was not The Great White Father's. Lands confiscated from England were divided into small lots and sold on the installment plan.



Acme Photo Labs.

Schubert is adapted to the abilities of these three members of the Junior Ensemble.



Outstanding hit of 1936: "We Build a Town" by Paul Hindemith, arranged, designed, produced by the children.

## Kids That Practice

The Madison Square Boys' Club School of Music brings free and satisfying music into the slums of New York.

ON East 29th Street in the worst of New York's districts stands a brownstone building that fairly bursts with the activities of the Madison Square Boys' Club, and on the fourth floor reigns young Mr. George Lisitzky, director of the School of Music. Fifty pupils receive instruction in the best of modern music, with the best methods. They range in age from six to

fifteen, in experience from nothing to slight. They are taught group work first, and theory. They do their own orchestration, working their parts out in classes. For their three or four hours a week instruction, pupils pay nothing or 25 cents; for giving the instruction, the young Juillard graduates get next to nothing, but they enjoy it. The children are from the slums.



"The Symphony Orchestra" rehearses for one of the frequent concerts. This is the Senior Ensemble, all under 16.

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly





"The songbird of the South" experiments with tempo under the watching eye of Jack Miller.

Midweek Photos, Eric Godal



What appears to be an enterprising shoe salesman is really a "sound effects" man simulating dancing.

## A National Institution Rehearses . . .

Kate Smith, vice-president, mistress of ceremonies and premiere chanteuse of the \$400,000 Kated, Inc., spends her Thursdays rehearsing for her "Bandwagon Show."



A radio character actor harps about humor. Charles Cantor studies his script for "timing."



Kate Smith ponders on the complexities of a broadcast and the difficulty of keeping her "specs" clean . . .



. . . gives way to a moment of levity before she again starts to whip her show into form.

# A Gentleman of Breeding...

Never complains, even if people screw up his ears, pummel his toe-nails, soft-soap his stomach... for the world isn't always a bathtub.



Hey, who ya kidding, who ya kidding?



I'll never live this down.



Photos by Eric Godal

Can't even call my ears my own.



Huh, playin' footie with me in the tub.



Geez, ain't a guy got no privacy?



I'll cheese it while she ain't looking.



Hey, what th'—blub blub.



Well, all right, if you like me this way.



This ain't so bad after all!



# Brain Tanglers

## Word Hurdling

This is a puzzle for word-hunters and spelling champions. The conditions are simple enough, but the execution is enough to give you pause.

The idea is to change one word into another word by changing two adjacent letters. Then you change the second word into a third word by the same process. You continue this indefinitely until at last you get to the word you are asked to achieve.

To start, you first divide your original word into pairs. For instance, "like" becomes LI KE. By changing the second pair from KE to FT, the word becomes LI FT (lift). Now change the first pair to HA, and you get HA FT (haft). Change FT to TE and you get HA TE (hate). Thus we have changed LIKE to HATE in three hurdles.

In doing this no pair is to be broken up. That is, in the word LI KE, either LI or KE is to be changed, but not IK. Also, both letters in each pair must be changed. You could not make LIKE into Lake, for example, because this does not change the A; nor could you turn BETS into BEST, because the second pair in each word consists of an S and a T.

Now, to start with, try an easy one: Change FI NE into SI CK in four hurdles, according to the above rules.

But here's a hard one: Change DE LE TE into ER AS ES in nineteen hurdles, or better.

## The Number 45

MOST of us, chiefly because there is no way out, are called upon from time to time to deal with the almighty number. We associate the little figures with such magnificently important elements in our daily lives as the weekly salary or the daily grocer bill or the number of children who pile unwillingly into the big school bus every morning.

It is rare, indeed, that we imagine one number as having a character of its own—a character that differentiates it from every other number. To determine such character, if you are interested, you must find out what you can do with it. In such measure, the characters of numbers are seen to vary but little from the character of persons, for we are only too prone to judge people by our ability to make them kowtow to our little whims and vagaries.

Now, take the number 45. By the rules we apply to other numbers, 45 has some unique properties. But unique!

To take one phase of its many-sided nature:

You can divide the number 45 into four parts in such a way as to be able to: add 2 to the first, subtract 2 from the second, mul-

tiply the third by 2, divide the fourth by 2—and get the same result in each of these cases. Adding up the first, second, third and fourth numbers will give you 45.

Can you do it?

## Grouse Hunters

This one is a bedeviler. When and if you solve it, it will probably make you mad. But don't let that stop you.

Two fathers and two sons went hunting, and among them they shot three grouse.

The problem they faced was that of dividing up the three grouse—without cutting up a grouse, shooting any more, giving away any of the three, or murdering one of their own number.

They did it, all right—no matter how tough a problem you may think it is.

They divvied up the three grouse, ate well, and never even dreamed that anyone would make a puzzle of their achievement.

Can you figure out how?

## Hotel Murder

The beaten and strangled corpse of a young girl was found in a small room of the Hotel Vatican (ho!), on the seventh floor. Detective inspector Brown (our friend) questioned the elevator boy about who had been let out on the seventh floor that afternoon between two and four, as that was the time the doctor fixed for her death.

The boy said that seven people had gotten off on the seventh

floor: two salesmen on their way to their rooms, a young man in a black overcoat, an elderly woman carrying a small suitcase, a nun, and two well-dressed men of indeterminate age who had been engaged in deep conversation, about Wall Street.

Of these, all had come down within half an hour except the salesmen, who had not appeared till dinner time. At that time they came into the elevator dressed in tuxedos and drunk.

The girl's room was an awful mess, but there were no fingerprints or other clues, and no way of telling whether the crime had been done by one person or two, although the violence seemed to indicate that a man had done the dastardly deed.

"We'll search the salesmen's rooms," said the Hotel manager.

"Don't bother," said the infallible Brown. "We already know who did it." And he put through a phone call to the largest customer in town.

Well, smarty, who did it?

## Irish Housepainters

For a real puzzle, there are always the Irish—especially when they are at work.

The two Irishmen, about whom we speak (and cogitate), were unusually named: Pat and Mike.

Pat and Mike were housepainters, and they contracted for the job of painting visible house numbers on two sides of a certain street. They decided on the day when work would start, got

the paint-pots together, and oiled the brushes.

Came the day, and Mike reached the scene of labor first. Being a partner in the business and on very good terms with Pat, he went right to work. Before Pat appeared, Mike had painted three house numbers on the east side of the street.

Then Pat appeared, and told Mike to "work" the west side of the street. Mike went over, and began to work on the west side. Pat took up where Mike had left off on the east side, and went on with the painting of house numbers.

When Pat had finished the work necessitated on the east side of the street, he went over to the other side and painted six house numbers for Mike.

Then the job was done.

Then, also, the same number of houses had been given house numbers on both sides of the street.

Which man painted numbers on more houses? Also, how many more?

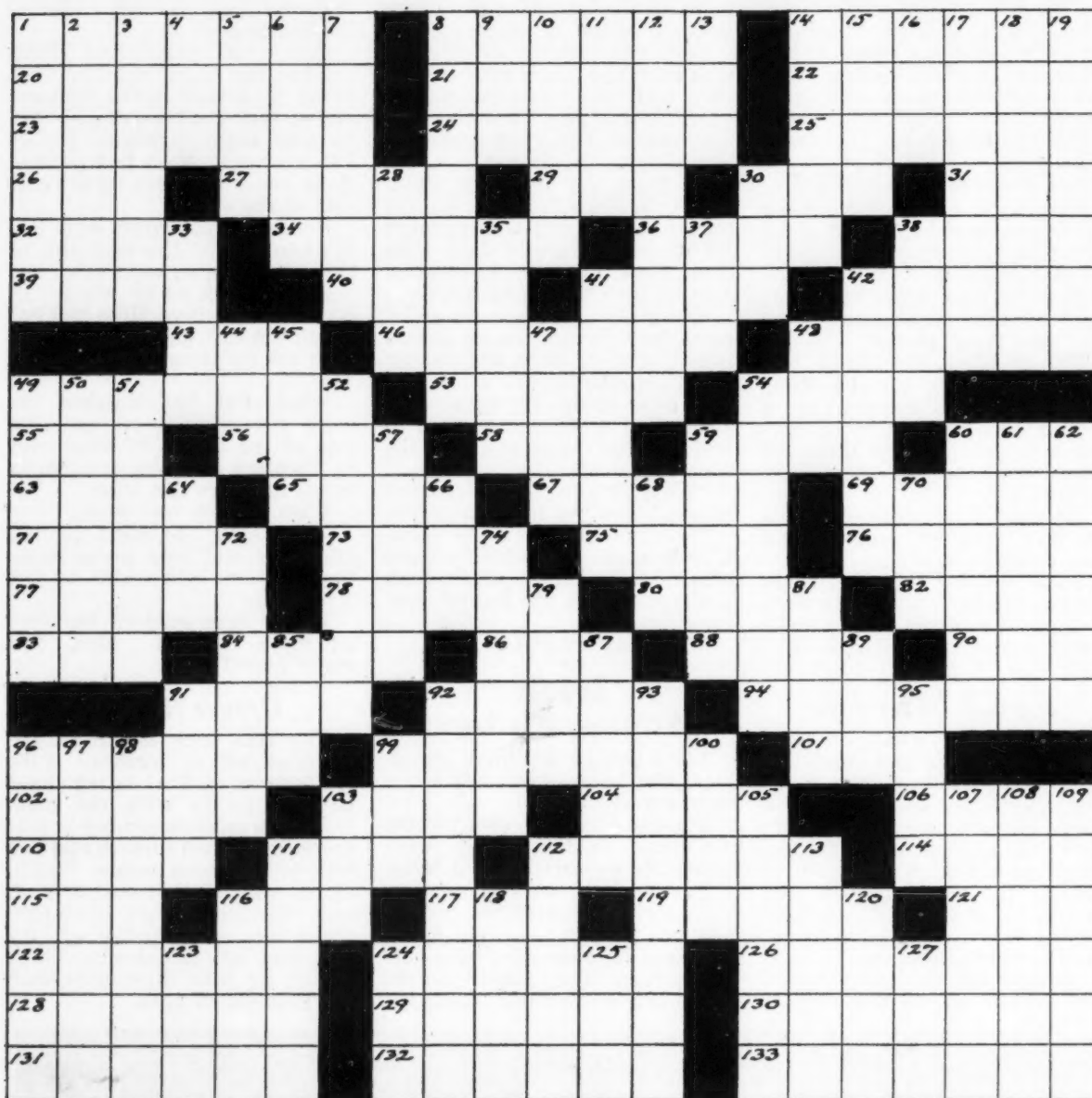
## Grouse Hunters

The real trick is not in the dividing up of grouse. Fine feathers and fine eating have nothing to do with the case. What you must remember is that there can be two fathers and two sons—all in three people. Which, as you may have guessed by now, was the case. There were only three men—a grandfather, his son, and his grandson. Three grouse go into three men with the greatest of ease.



King of puzzle-makers, this man has spent years whittling wooden pieces into shapes to make men mad.

# Midweek Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- 1 A district of the west coast of Africa
- 8 City of the Alcazar
- 14 Structure between San Francisco and Oakland
- 20 Mean
- 21 Eaten away
- 22 Vertical side of a doorway
- 23 Manifested a reverse tendency
- 24 American patriot: 1735-1818
- 25 Empower
- 26 Terminate
- 27 Indirect expression of scorn
- 29 Crime Clues heard over the radio
- 30 One and one
- 31 Point a gun
- 32 Petitions
- 34 Natives residing near the Texas Centennial grounds
- 36 Departs
- 38 Small island
- 39 Dispatched
- 40 A transparent mineral
- 41 A chess piece
- 42 President of the A. F. of L.
- 43 Pronoun
- 46 White ant
- 48 Place to keep clothes
- 49 The act of bending
- 53 River in France
- 54 Medium of exchange
- 55 Japanese coin equal to 1/10 sen
- 56 Metal containers

- 58 The office of Pope Pius
- 59 Parade music group
- 60 Drinking vessel
- 63 A princely house of Italy
- 65 To assign by measure
- 67 Province in the U. of S. A.
- 69 Puff up with excitement
- 71 A quantity assigned
- 75 Locations (the Latin plural)
- 73 Meditate upon
- 76 Philanthropist
- 77 Goddess of vegetation: Rom. Relig.
- 78 Imply
- 80 Spinners for the youngsters
- 82 Bugle call
- 83 Unit
- 84 Female sheep
- 86 Depression between two hills
- 88 What the Midweek Pictorial represents
- 90 River, the Mexican fashion
- 91 Indians of Utah
- 92 Sand hills of Arabia
- 94 River in Virginia
- 96 Unwilling
- 99 Pertaining to the descendants of Shem
- 101 Large edible tuber
- 102 To stain or color
- 103 King Emanuel has his palace here
- 104 Minute particle
- 106 Vipers
- 110 Carry
- 111 Game played by Hitchcock, Guest and Pedley

- 112 How the points were born
- 114 Measure of distance
- 115 Beverage
- 116 At this place
- 117 The letter "C"
- 119 The common viper
- 121 What the United States Supreme Court upholds
- 122 River in India
- 124 Mountain in Armenia
- 126 Stir violently
- 128 Clothes
- 129 Scotch maiden
- 130 A skilful economist
- 131 The kind of tennis player Mr. Vines is
- 132 Be present at
- 133 Football teams as a whole

## DOWN

- 1 Fondle
- 2 Broad road lined with trees
- 3 Dull gray
- 4 Segment of a circle
- 5 Flying mammals
- 6 An active power
- 7 To ransom from bondage
- 8 Lawns arranged like steps
- 9 Raw material taken from the mines in Lima, Peru
- 10 Adores and worships
- 11 England's foreign secretary
- 12 Annul partially
- 13 Short poem
- 14 Concocts
- 15 Western city famous for its

- 16 Yellow bugle plant
- 17 Lowers in character
- 18 Famous Biblical sea
- 19 Component
- 28 Way of egress
- 30 Big — grid conference
- 33 River of the lower world: Gr. myth.
- 35 The nostrils
- 37 To be in debt
- 38 A common metal
- 41 Shaped like a pine-cone
- 42 Carried the voice evenly
- 44 Not in
- 45 Objects mentioned in Old Testament: Ezra ii, 63
- 47 External appearance
- 48 Peruse carefully
- 49 The art of painting on freshly spread plaster
- 50 Hearken
- 51 Complete in all parts
- 52 Foes of the Spanish govt.
- 54 A vernier scale or rule
- 57 Stupefies
- 59 American historian. 1802-'81
- 60 An absurd report
- 61 Place of ideal perfection
- 62 An individual
- 64 Compass point: Abbr.
- 66 Fairy
- 68 Small child
- 70 Nephew of Abraham (Bib.)
- 72 An African fly
- 74 Pea-pod
- 79 A Hindu queen
- 81 Cast of a balance
- 85 Tiny
- 87 Flower-leaf
- 89 Watering place in Liege Province, Belgium
- 91 Insist upon
- 92 One of a party that won in the recent election
- 93 Having a position
- 95 Mohammedan priest
- 96 The Pallas's sand grouse
- 97 Treat with irreverence
- 98 An understanding, politically, between nations
- 99 The sun
- 100 Strong string
- 103 Turbulent quarrel
- 105 A married Frenchwoman's title of address
- 107 Fodder preserved in a silo
- 108 Rubber-covered cylinder of a typewriter
- 109 Subterranean conduits
- 111 Puddled
- 112 Blue
- 113 Lawful
- 116 In what manner
- 118 The Orient
- 120 Russian hemp
- 123 A disease in sheep
- 124 The armpit
- 125 A department in France
- 127 Hebrew letter

## Solution to Jan. 27 Puzzle

PACAS LAMP STUN POLAR  
 AVERS FORT EVOA ANILE  
 LANG AGT FROM ARAGAS  
 ESTUARY ELIDE ELEGANT  
 STEEPS PRESENT EXETER  
 TIRRS ROSE RISE HERE O  
 IT SERENE P DAREDS SO  
 NIP SAME BAH RANT RAM  
 ELANI MALAR SD RATS  
 ERAS TRANSLATE GIBE  
 ODIN ELA TIA LAMB  
 FLIT PLANTINGS REIN  
 GOER LL YARNS TA STOP  
 LID MEAD SAG BANS STE  
 AL GUTTED M DARNED EN  
 DERR SEES FORT DAW I  
 SCREAM PAPERED LAMEST  
 TAMALES DIVER SENSATE  
 OBIT GUN NIT APE OVEN  
 NONES ROD LANA INERT  
 EBERT ETON ADIT ASSES



# America Feeds Europe's Guns

(Continued from page 13)

plies of chromite and antimony, although we have more antimony than any other nation except France.

In Europe and Asia, on the other hand, no such affluence in the critical war materials exists. Only Russia has more than half of what she needs. France, Germany, Italy and Japan have less than a third. Great Britain, without her colonial possessions, would have least of all. Her war time self-sufficiency depends wholly on her ability to keep the trade routes to and from the colonies completely clear of any enemy encumbrances. Her present Mediterranean activities illustrate how well Downing Street appreciates this fact.

Last year, when Italy's honorable efforts in Ethiopia were beleaguering the League of Nations into a position of admitted weakness, most of the Council table talk bounced between the words "haves" and "have-nots." Like most of the League palaver, nothing came of it. As a matter of fact, nothing of basic importance *could* have come of it, because the whole argument revolving about "haves" and "have-nots" means very little, if anything.

None of the countries of Europe, if a blockade were enforced along their borders, could live long in a modern war. The nations of Europe, and this is especially applicable to Germany, can get along only when, and if, their self-constructed barriers to trade are lifted.

Nationalism is at once the manifestation and the cause of a lack of raw materials. Before the World War Germany had colonies, but they cost her more to maintain than she got out of them, and only one per cent of her exports went into them. Because Germany and England are industrial nations, they can prosper only when free to exchange their manufactured products for the raw materials of other nations. The Nazi policy of cutting Germany off from raw materials by rigid export and import laws can only result in disaster.

In the events of a European war, the old problem of "haves" and "have-nots" will make another appearance. This time, however, it will have some meaning. It will be found, when everything is boiled down, that the real "haves" lie between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The two Americas have a virtual stranglehold on the gullet of any war machine, both in materials and production capacity. It lies within their power to starve Europe out of war.

February 10, 1937

YES, YOU CAN COME, BUT  
I'M WELL NOW SO LEAVE  
THAT PORTABLE HOSPITAL  
HOME!



NOT SO FAST, SIR-GENTLY  
DOES IT! AND SHOULD YOU  
SMOKE, SIR? ARE YOU  
WARM ENOUGH MR. CESAR?



REALLY, SIR, LESS  
EXERTION GIVES GREATER  
EXHILARATION, SIR!



REMEMBER, SIR (TWO) YOU  
HAVE BEEN (THREE)  
QUITE (FOUR, FIVE) SICK,  
SIR -



YES, SIR, A POLICE CAR  
BUT THE MEDICINE IS  
FOR YOU, SIR-



QUICKLY, GERVAYSE - A  
"CRICK" IN MY BACK! HURRY  
OR IT'LL BE TOO LATE!



HELP  
HELP



TAKE HIM AWAY! ASSAULT,  
MURDER, ANYTHING! BUT  
TAKE HIM AWAY!



WELL, SO LONG,  
GERVAYSE -



## Solutions to Problems On Page 29

## Word Hurdling

FINE becomes SICK in three hurdles as follows:

FI	NE
HO	NE
HO	CK
SI	CK

DELETE becomes ERASES  
in nineteen hurdles as follows:

DE	LE	TE
DE	BA	TE
DE	BA	RS
DE	TE	RS

DE	TE	NT
DE	CA	NT
DE	CA	DE
DE	RI	DE
ST	RI	DE
ST	RI	PS
ST	AM	PS
ST	AM	EN
ST	OL	EN
ST	OL	ID
ST	OL	ES
ST	AG	ES
ST	OR	ES
CH	OR	ES
CH	AS	ES
ER	AS	ES

## How's Your Arithmetic?

$$\begin{array}{rclcl} 8 & + & 2 & = & 10 \\ 12 & - & 2 & = & 10 \end{array}$$
$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \times 2 = 10 \\ 20 \div 2 = 10 \\ \hline 45 \end{array}$$

## *Irish Housepainters*

Pat, who was late to work, painted numbers on six more houses than did Mike—no matter how many houses there were.

If there were twelve houses on each side, Pat did 15, and Mike nine. If there were 50, Pat did 53 and Mike 47. OK?

## Hotel Murder

The nun. Nuns always travel in pairs.

# How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

WHILE I was wondering on this page where ANDRE ROOSEVELT was, he was flying over *Chimborazo*. His story of the flight is one of the most exciting adventure narratives I've read in years . . . How I wish I had been with him in that photographing flight, 22,000 feet up, looking down upon the ice-clad summit! I saw *Chimborazo* from the air, but its majestic peaks were higher than our plane could go. In the roaring quiet of the clear sky, *thoughts* come flooding in, as you behold the mystery of *Time* and the *Everlasting* . . . ANDRE ROOSEVELT would be just the fellow to talk with, if you felt like talking, in such a moment . . . It seems that the *United States* is far behind in military aviation, though ahead of the parade in commercial flying. I believe that thousands of *Americans* should be learning to fly . . . As a means to this and other ends, I think the postal service should speed up. In all big cities auto-gyros should be used to ferry mail from airports to postoffice and vice-versa . . . Yes, MR. FARLEY, the gyros already are in existence and capable of doing the job, and they can land on platforms over or beside the postoffice buildings that will cost little. Let's call it a measure of national defense, and don't worry about the deficit it may cause . . . Too, all letter mail should go by air to every possible distributing point in the country. Thus hundreds of pilots would be constantly in training. Maybe they wouldn't be good war flyers right away, but at least they could fly, and the rest would not be too difficult . . . Our CAPTAIN KIDD has become a movie fan from listening to JIMMIE FIDLER on the air. He barks and wags his tail wildly every time the name of ZASU PITTS is mentioned, though he pays only bored respect to MYRNA LOY and SHIRLEY TEMPLE . . . Well, MAYOR LAGUARDIA is right: cheerful and comfortable home life is the best preventive of juvenile crime. And until this culture of ours provides opportunity for thick steaks and bathtubs for all, its crime doctoring will be unscientific—merely medicating the symptoms.

Since it will take ten years to build the *Nicaragua Canal*, we should be about the job without delay. REPRESENTATIVE CARL VINSON of *Georgia* shouldn't have a hard time selling the idea to a country that has become accustomed to TVA and *Boulder Dam* . . . When the new canal is ready for business, the one at *Panama* should be

whittled down to sea level . . . I can't quite forgive SHAKE-SPEARE since I saw WALTER HUSTON play *Othello*. What a stupid play, and how badly it can be played! But BRIAN AHEARNE is sprightly—and, yes, handsome . . . I took a daughter to see a comedy at The French Theater. MARCEL JOURNET, son of the great operatic basso of the same name, is the star, and a fine, intelligent actor . . . If GROVER WHALEN carries off the World's Fair job well, his career will have been rendered distinguished . . . But isn't GROVER the fellow who ruined *Bryant Park* a few years ago by putting up a fake *Independence Hall* in it and having opera sung to empty benches against the roar of the *Elevated*? Eh, well, we learn by our flops and are spoiled by our triumphs, world without end . . . A book I'm enjoying is *Anton Chekhov*, by PRINCESS NINA ANDRONIKOVA TOUMANOVA . . . The four or more billion dollars' worth of gold our government is now depositing in the *Kentucky* hills is unquestionably the larg-

est buried treasure on earth. What a find it will be for some adventurous treasure-hunter of some future age! Who really believes in reincarnation? And will I stand a chance of coming back to discover that long-forgotten loot? Ah, neighbors, the future is almost as exciting as the past and present combined!

DAN COUGHLIN is a gigantic mariner who lives in *Lowell, Mass.* He ran for *Congress* last fall, but was one of the few *Democrats* defeated. EDITH NOURSE ROGERS beat him . . . Which reminds me that it is still difficult for a man to campaign against a woman in this chivalrous country, and I think DAN would have won against a man. But he has gone to *Spain* as correspondent. He likes fighting, and his sympathies are a bit on the loyalist side . . . Yes, I think *American* sentiment is all for strong measures against any *American* participation in the *Spanish* war on either side, and will be just as strong against our getting into anybody else's war,

civil or uncivil . . . We have our sympathies stirred for this or that side in every war. But we must learn to be selfish in preserving *our own peace*. That's important, isn't it? . . . I predict a tremendous success for ELINOR ROOSEVELT's autobiography. You may be sure it will be interesting, though badly written. I can stand bad writing in an autobiography. In fact, an uninteresting or clumsy writer often shines in the story of his own life more than does a scintillating professional . . . I've just finished the autobiographies of GILBERT K. CHESTERTON and ELINOR GLYN, and, much as I admire G. K., I must say that the bad writing of ELINOR carried a more interesting story . . . Still, tastes vary. For my part, I'm entranced with the new *WORLD ALMANAC*, and delight in reading it by the hour. I consider it one of the greatest of *American* institutions . . . GEORGE M. COHAN closed his show in *Boston* to attend the funeral, in *Yonkers*, of MRS. DENNIS O'BRIEN, wife of his boyhood friend and our own loved neighbor . . . There is something unspeakably touching in human loyalties and friendships that last through long lives and scorn the barriers of commercial interests . . . DR. WALTER S. ADAMS of *Mt. Wilson Observatory* adds to my comfort by announcing that the most distant star he knows of is only two quintillion miles away. Well, maybe he wouldn't take oath that it isn't five or six miles farther than that. Turn right at the first red light beyond *Canopus*, keep going, and you can't miss it . . . BERT LESTON TAYLOR taught me my first lesson in astronomy in a little verse which I can't find in the books. He advised one, when bored or annoyed by undesirable folk, to think about "a star that has no parallax to speak of." Maybe you know the verse? . . .

Goodbye to MARTIN JOHNSON, adventurer, seeker after life. Too bad he had to suffer so long on that bleak mountain . . . but he had learned to be patient in hardship. Long ago he went with JACK LONDON on the *Snark*. Raised in *Kansas*, of course, and his *Kansas* wife went with him on every trip, up to the moment of his setting off for the only *Undiscovered Country* . . . GENE TUNNEY hesitates and says ugh many times during a short after-dinner talk. He seems embarrassed and self-conscious . . . No, of course, no one can or will take the place of ARTHUR BRISBANE.



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT  
Her autobiography is slated for success

(Wide World)

MIDWEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



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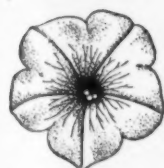
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